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mented the removal of a faithful servant in the midst of his labors, was assuaged by the reflection, that he had "entered into the joy of his Lord."

The whole Christian world were Boardman's mourners. The whole Karen nation wept bitterly over his grave. The station at Tavoy is now occupied by faithful Missionaries, — and the blessings of Christianity are rapidly spreading over that province; — but Boardman is still unforgotten; — *his* name, who first preached salvation to the poor *wildmen*, is now whispered by hundreds of grateful voices at the eventide circle of friends, and at the altar of simple and pure devotion.

We must close our long article somewhat abruptly, by a recommendation of the biography to the perusal of our readers, who will find it full of interest, and free from any display of narrow or sectarian feeling. The following Epitaph is intended to be inscribed on Boardman's tomb.

Sacred to the memory of George D. Boardman, American Missionary to Burmah. Born Feb. 8, 1801, — Died Feb. 11, 1831. *His Epitaph is written in the adjoining forests.* Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains — who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? — Who raised you from vice to morality? — Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of prayer? Let the reply be his Eulogy! *a cruce corona.*

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#### ART. V. — National Gallery.

*The National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, conducted by James Herring, New-York, and James B. Longacre, Philadelphia. New-York.*

AMONG the various expressions by which the predominating spirit of the times, especially as developed in this country, has been described, one of the happiest is that which denominates it "the age of commemoration." For some time past a disposition has been manifested, in almost every section of the Union, to recover and to record every thing, which might be regarded

as illustrative of the men and events connected with the history of the country. This historical spirit may justly be considered as one of the main-springs of that remarkable advancement of the national literature, which has occurred within the last twenty years. It will be regarded by our posterity, in all coming ages, as most fortunate for them that this commemorative propensity began to be so actively and effectually exhibited by a generation, standing so near, as we do, to the very commencement of the existence of the country itself, as the abode of civilization. Although two centuries have necessarily thrown some shadows over the incidents and characters of our annals, the most important of them, and indeed almost all of them of any importance, may still be recovered from obscurity, and secured from oblivion; and if we are faithful to our trust, and make a proper use of our opportunities, it will be entirely in our power to preserve, for coming ages, all that is worth preservation of the history of our own times.

In a literary point of view it is impossible to estimate too highly, the importance of cultivating the spirit of which we are speaking. The most natural and useful basis of a national literature is found in historical incidents, persons, and associations. They will supply the best, — and in the absence of mythology and superstition, the only materials for poetry and romance, the most authentic illustrations of political philosophy and moral science, and the most stirring and affecting topics of eloquence. No people can possibly be barbarous, or unintellectual, who receive from their ancestors, as a continually accumulating inheritance, a knowledge of the men and events of their own lengthening annals.

Beside the interesting associations thus connected with local and territorial objects, enjoying the notice, awakening the reflections, and expanding the minds of the people, a high moral influence will, at the same time, be brought to bear upon their characters. They will spend their daily lives in scenes which will speak to them, even with more powerful persuasion than from living lips, the language of encouragement and of admonition, inspiring them with enthusiasm for virtue, with horror for crime, and with a true love of glory. He, whose fancy delights to call up the images of his ancestors, feels that he is not merely living in the presence of his contemporaries, but that he is surrounded, at every step, by a continually thickening cloud of witnesses, gathered from every generation of his honored fore-

fathers. But this is not all. He is constantly reminded that the same embalming genius, which thus preserves the memory of his ancestors, may also bear down his own name, either in honor or in shame, according to his character and his deeds, to an indefinite posterity. It is obvious that a regard for posthumous fame, that noble principle of conduct, which, whatever may be said of it by cold and heartless logicians, is sanctioned and vindicated by nature, and nature's author, and in point of fact, has presented the most grand and beneficial achievements of human virtue and power, must perish, for want of aliment, in a community where the living generation is ignorant of the past, and takes no measures to be remembered by the future.

Happily for us, and for our descendants, as we have already remarked, the spirit of emulation is fairly awakened, and actively at work among us. Our literature is already prematurely rich, and is daily becoming more so, in the historical department. In our last number, we congratulated the American public, and the friends of learning generally, upon the appearance, in Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, of a work which promises, if continued as commenced, to take rank with the highest models of philosophical history. In that which may, in one sense, be considered the humbler, but cannot justly be regarded the less important, branch of historical literature designated as *Annals*, we have long been particularly favored. In the elaborately and carefully executed work of Rev. Dr. Holmes, we have a book which may be relied upon with the utmost confidence, and which, for accuracy of statement, clearness of arrangement, and neatness of diction, is generally regarded as a standard in the class to which it belongs. Under the head of biography we refer with satisfaction to the labors of Belknap, Eliot, and Allen. In this class we possess some works which would adorn the literature of any country, such as Marshall's *Life of Washington*, President Kirkland's *Life of Fisher Ames*, Tudor's *Life of Otis*, President Quincy's and Mr. Jay's *lives of their illustrious fathers*, Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*, and, not to mention others, Mr. Sparks's invaluable publications of this description.

The abundance of this class of productions, and the very decided interest and approbation with which they have been received by the reading community, had almost led us to form the conclusion that they were destined to supplant, and prevent the appearance in future, of any works aiming to occupy the

higher department already alluded to. Our minds had almost settled down in the conviction, that we were never to expect any general, classical, and philosophical history of the United States, but that instead of it, our history would be written in parts, and piecemeal, as it were ; that, for instance, the annals of our revolutionary war would be recorded in such publications, as Washington's Letters, and the pages and biographies of him and his various associates in the military and civil service might supply ; and that the public taste would be better gratified by exploring severally such personal memoirs, and particular narratives, than by any comprehensive and general history that might be written. As this belief gradually forced itself upon our minds, we had endeavored to become reconciled to it, when the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's first volume, and the universal applause with which it was greeted, satisfied us that our conclusion was premature, and our regrets uncalled for. We may now rest assured that our historical literature will not be defective in any of its important departments, but that, while the publication of private memoirs, and personal narratives promises to afford us the delightful satisfaction of becoming directly acquainted with the characters and events of previous generations in their minutest particulars, we shall also be conducted to that lofty point of observation, where individuals and particulars cease to be discernible ; and where the great drama of our country's progress is seen only in the operation of the mighty causes that have determined its action, and the development of the more important events which have successively occupied its scenes.

In addition to comprehensive histories, annals, biographies, and memoirs, there are the important, and in some instances already voluminous publications of Historical Societies ; and also, what perhaps is contributing more than any other cause to enrich this branch of our literature, the discourses and addresses drawn out by the recurrence of centennial and other anniversary occasions. In these productions, the exactness of the annalist, the minuteness and poignancy of the biographer, and the broad speculations of the philosophical historian, are all united under the charms of rhetorical diction, and made to bear upon the heart by the powers of eloquence, gathering never-failing and inexhaustible strength from the sources of local associations and national pride. As specimens of this class of productions, which, by the way, seem to be peculiar to our own country, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the

splendid and noble orations which have been pronounced, by our most eminent scholars, jurists and statesmen, at Plymouth, Faneuil Hall, Salem, Charlestown, Concord, Bunker Hill, Cambridge and Ipswich. Such occasions have drawn out the highest abilities of the country in every quarter. The value and excellence of the productions, that have thus been added to the national literature, will be sufficiently indicated by mentioning Verplanck's Discourse before the New York Historical Society, Biddle's Discourse on Jefferson before the Philosophical Society, the Eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, pronounced by John Sergeant and William Wirt, at Philadelphia and Washington, and Mr. Binney's admirable Eulogium on Chief Justice Tilghman.

The work before us belongs to a still different form of historical literature. This form, although of recent origin, has already been employed to a considerable extent, both in England and America; and is fully entitled to the credit of being one of the most useful and elegant in which the materials of history can be collected and preserved, and the taste for such studies gratified. The design is to present, in the most chaste and classical style of composition, and with all possible beauty of mechanical execution, an accurate and authentic account of the lives and characters of those persons who have distinguished themselves in the public service, or in any way contributed to promote the national glory. The biographical sketches are brief and condensed, and each is accompanied by the most exact and best executed portrait that can be procured. So that, while it preserves the memory of the great and good of this and previous generations, and perpetuates their living images, at the same time it exhibits a specimen of the highest point of excellence to which the arts of painting, engraving, typography, and paper-making are carried in the country.

But the finished elegance of the Portrait Gallery does not constitute its only, nor its highest claim to public patronage. In an historical point of view, it deserves to be regarded as a work of very great value. A general history of a large country must always, as has been before intimated, cover so wide a surface as to forbid such a degree of particularity, as is necessary in order to give to it one of the principal charms that belong to that department of writing. Individual characters, and single incidents must be passed over in silence, or but slightly noticed. The course of occurrences must be related only in their most promi-

nent stages, and can be explained no farther than by referring to their leading causes, and discussing the general principles that cover them. While this is necessary in order to give to a work, which aims to occupy the highest department of history, its peculiar excellence, it deprives it, at the same time, of much of the interest and value that would attach to a more particular and detailed narrative. Every general history, considered as a relation of the actual course of events, from the nature of the case, must be defective and meagre. This is an inevitable result; for if it attempted to narrate minutely all the facts that belonged to the topics of which it treated, there would be no room left for those reflections, and philosophical inductions, which constitute the highest attributes of historical composition.

If any one wish to ascertain and estimate the correctness of these remarks, let him take, as an experiment, Hume's *History of England*, and examine attentively the account which that elegant and much admired historian gives of any particular period in English annals, — that of the civil wars at the time of the commonwealth, for instance, — then let him engage in a more particular study of the period, scrutinize the characters, and trace the career of the men who figured in it, review the whole course of events, as they connected themselves, as cause and effect, before and after, on the right hand and on the left, and explore them thoroughly and patiently in those original sources, from which ultimately all writers must derive their information. When this shall have been done, it will be seen how much that is interesting, affecting, instructive, and romantic is necessarily omitted by the historian, whose plan embraces an entire nation, over its whole surface, and throughout all its periods and ages.

These omissions and deficiencies must be supplied by works of a different description. Brief biographies of particular characters are well adapted to answer this end. They constitute the complement of history. When the great events and revolutions, which are the prominent points in the career of a nation, have been suitably represented and commemorated, the memoirs of individuals who acted conspicuously in them, if properly executed, will rescue all that remains, worthy of notice, from oblivion, and the whole work will be adequately accomplished. But besides this view of the importance of such works as the *Portrait Gallery*, in gathering up all that remains, so that nothing be lost, the publication of the personal memoirs of distinguished men, now on the stage of life, or who have recently

left it, is of immense value, as preparing the materials for the future historian. If the passing generation is faithful to its trust in this respect, there will be no difficulty at any future day in tracing the course of events while it occupied the scene, or in describing the agents whose influence controlled and directed its progress.

It is because we attach such a very high value to every thing that tends to promote the prevalence of historical literature in this country, that we have indulged in these remarks. If adequate encouragement is now extended to those whose talent and inclination lead them to such investigations, it is not too late to bring to light, and place beyond the reach of forgetfulness, all that is worthy of record. Our whole history may be clearly illustrated. All fable, and mystery, and doubt may be dispelled from our annals, and it may thus be our privilege, to do what no other nation has yet been able to do, to trace our course from the point where we now stand, without confusion or difficulty, back to the very first day of our history. The importance of that history stimulates and exhorts us to accomplish this object, if we can. From some of its chapters the world has already received such instructions, as have enabled the nations of Europe to discover the path that leads to their own social and political improvement. And if we would guide them to the highest attainment of the blessings of liberty and virtue, we must display before them our whole history, from this our present period of freedom, power, and independence, down to the moment when the *Mayflower* cast anchor in the harbor of Plymouth.

But we must bring these remarks to a close, and confine ourselves to what in reality was the sole object of this article, to recommend to the public patronage the splendid and valuable work now before us. The *National Portrait Gallery* is conducted by Messrs. Herring of New York, and Longacre of Philadelphia, under the superintendence of the American Academy of Fine Arts. It is published in monthly parts, each of which contains two or more memoirs of distinguished persons, accompanied in all cases by the most admirable engraved portraits. Its execution, as has before been remarked, is in every particular the best and most finished which the state of the arts in America will permit. It is a work which would equally adorn the library or embellish the parlor; and considering the elegance of its form, can be obtained on very reasonable terms. But the fairest way to convey an idea



of its value, without reference to any other point than the character of its contents, is to repeat the names of the subjects of the first volume. They are the following, — George Washington, Martha Washington, Charles Carroll, Generals Green, Wayne, Moultrie and Putnam, Timothy Pickering, Governors Shirley and Ogden, Chief Justice Marshall, Chief Justice Shippen, Brigadier General Jonathan Williams, Vice President Tompkins, Henry Clay, President Jackson, Daniel Webster, William Wirt, Lewis Cass, Commodore Macdonough, Major General Macomb, Joel R. Poinsett, Josiah S. Johnston, Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, Bishop White, Timothy Dwight, Joel Barlow, Colonel John Trumbull, Gilbert Charles Stuart, Samuel Latham Mitchell, Theodoric Romeyn Beck, Washington Irving, Catharine M. Sedgwick, and James Fennimore Cooper.

We understand that the enterprising conductors of this work are resolved to render it truly, as well as nominally, a *National Portrait Gallery*. It is their purpose to include every distinguished name, without reference to the section of the country which it adorns, the political or religious denominations under which it is classed, or the period during which it shone. As yet, most of the memoirs have been derived from the Middle States, but either in person, or by suitable agents, the conductors are making arrangements to procure the best executed portraits and biographies of distinguished men from the East, and South, and West. Mr. Herring has himself copied the paintings of Hancock, Samuel Adams, Josiah Quincy, Jr., and the other eminent New England revolutionary patriots, having visited Boston and Cambridge for that purpose, and it is of national importance that every facility be afforded him, and his coöperators, in procuring the requisite materials for rendering the work complete, according to its design, so that by passing through it, the American patriot and scholar may behold in succession, as in one extended gallery, the images and the history of all who have contributed to shed light or glory on his country.

It is with lively satisfaction that we hear from the conductors, as they have expressed themselves in the address attached to their twelfth number, that their enterprise has received “a cordial and cheering support from their countrymen,” and that their own experience proves, that “the American people now display a becoming solicitude for the preservation of the relics of their own glory.” We rejoice that so much success has attended them,

in their praiseworthy exertions to enlarge the materials of our historical literature, to stimulate the progress of the most elegant and useful arts, and to secure the national honor from oblivion, and can only say, in conclusion, that we sincerely hope that their success may be continued and increased, — and that their labors may be rewarded by a generous, enlightened, and effectual patronage in every quarter of the country, and by all classes of their countrymen.

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ART. VI. — *Italy.*

*Italy : with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* By the AUTHOR of VATHEK. 2 Vols. Philadelphia, 1834.

THERE are countries of the globe which possess a permanent and peculiar interest in human estimation ; an interest proportioned in each individual, to his intelligence, culture and philanthropy. They are those where the most momentous historical events occurred, and civilization first dawned ; and of which the past associations and present influences are, consequently, in a high degree exciting. The history of these lands affords one of our most attractive sources of philosophical truth, as the reminiscences they induce excite poetical sentiment, and hence, we very naturally regard a visit to them as an event singularly interesting, not to say morally important.

And yet personal impressions, on such occasions, are confessedly dependent upon circumstances which are, for the most part, uncontrollable. There are, however, certain positive methods, the adoption of which will not, indeed, bring about a complete agreement in the notions and sentiments of travellers, but will tend to a much more useful purpose, — that of inducing a satisfactory result upon their own minds. Among these is a sense of the true nature of the comprehensive object they are about to contemplate, — a patient determination to bestow a degree of time and study in a measure corresponding with the subject, a preparedness for disappointment, and an unyielding spirit of candor. Such a state of mind will especially influence happily the experience of the trans-atlantic sojourner in Italy, since it may not be denied that many things exist there, to qualify the enjoyment of the enthusiastic expectant, who has